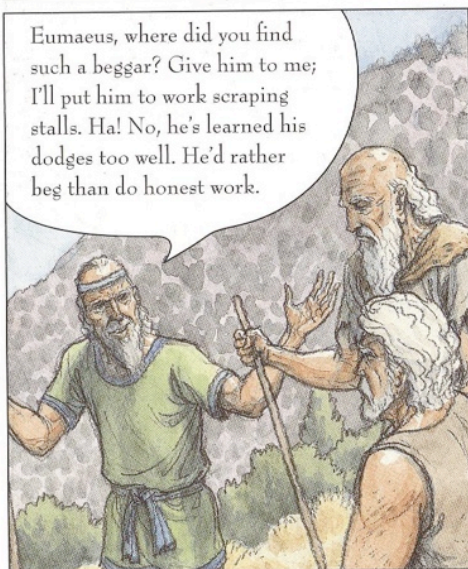
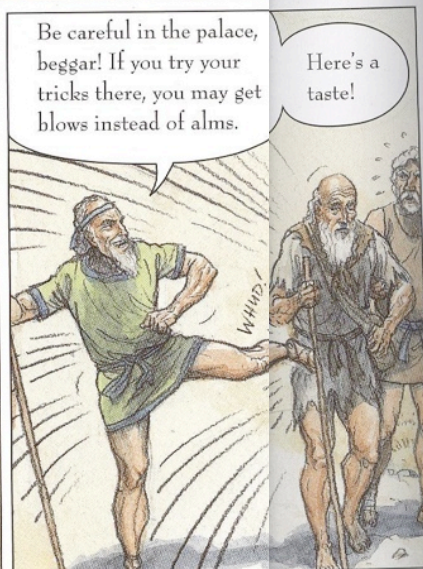


Well, what have we here? Two castoffs, each more ragged than the other!

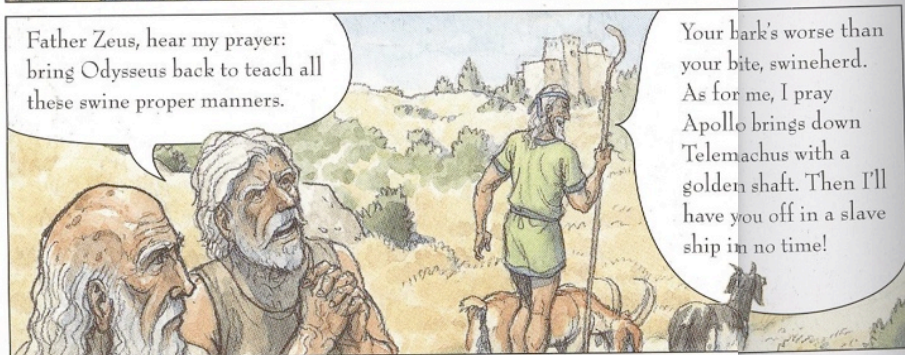


Eumaeus, where did you find such a beggar? Give him to me; I'll put him to work scraping stalls. Ha! No, he's learned his dodges too well. He'd rather beg than do honest work.



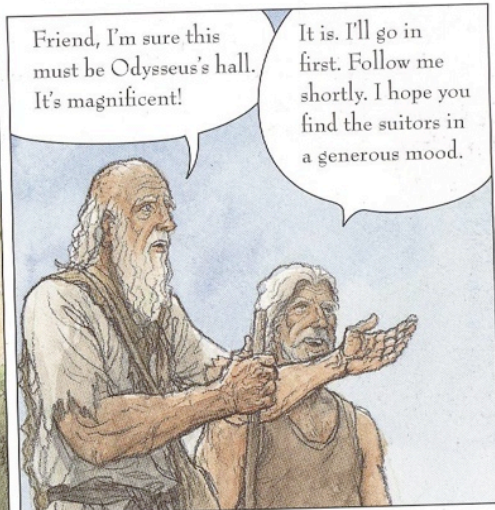
Be careful in the palace, beggar! If you try your tricks there, you may get blows instead of alms.

Here's a taste!



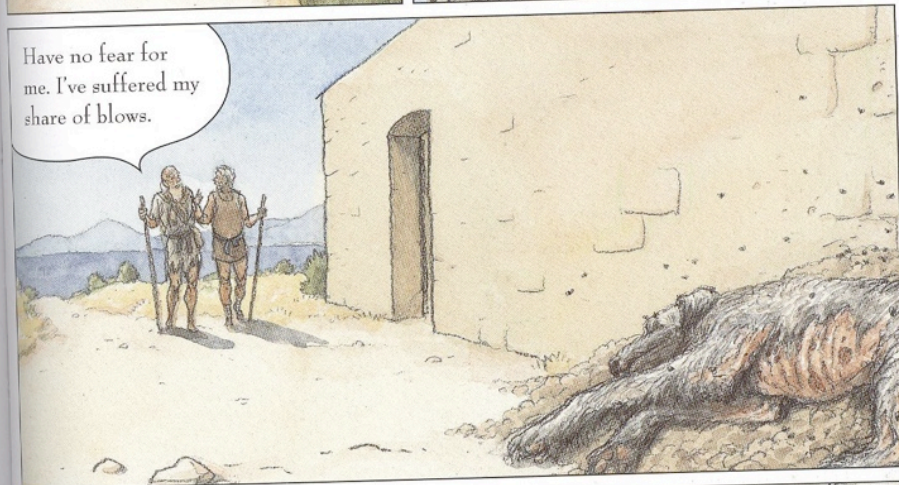
Father Zeus, hear my prayer: bring Odysseus back to teach all these swine proper manners.

Your bark's worse than your bite, swineherd. As for me, I pray Apollo brings down Telemachus with a golden shaft. Then I'll have you off in a slave ship in no time!

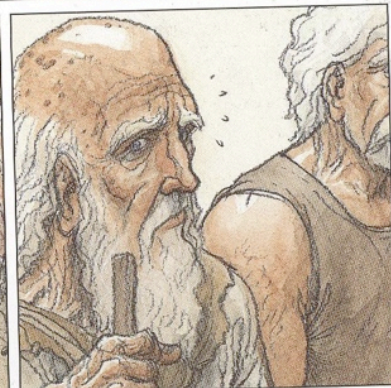


Friend, I'm sure this must be Odysseus's hall. It's magnificent!

It is. I'll go in first. Follow me shortly. I hope you find the suitors in a generous mood.



Have no fear for me. I've suffered my share of blows.

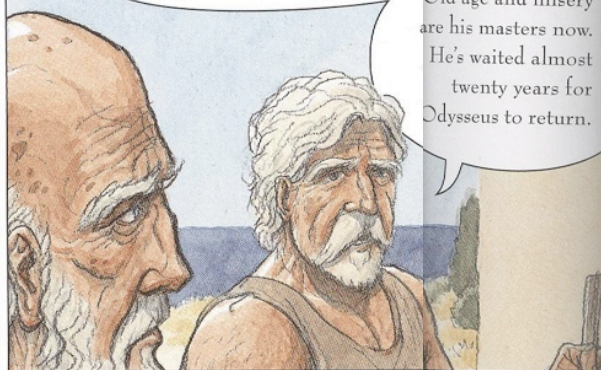




Why does this dog lie in the dung here? He looks like he might once have been a fine hound.



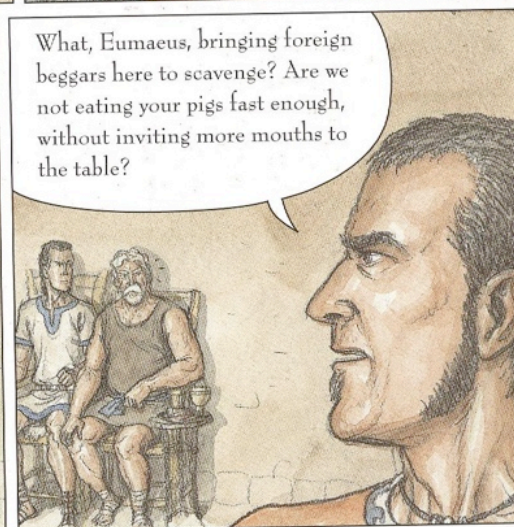
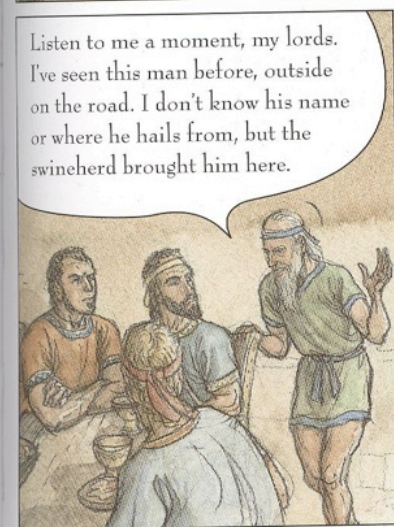
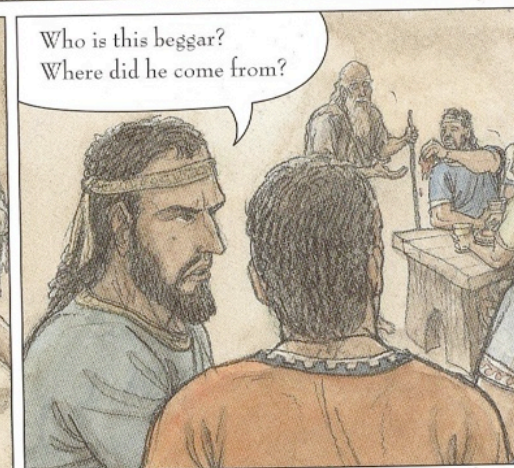
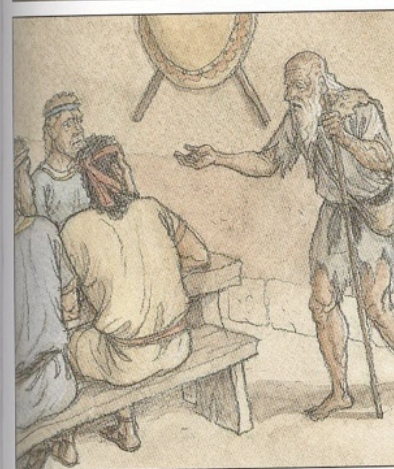
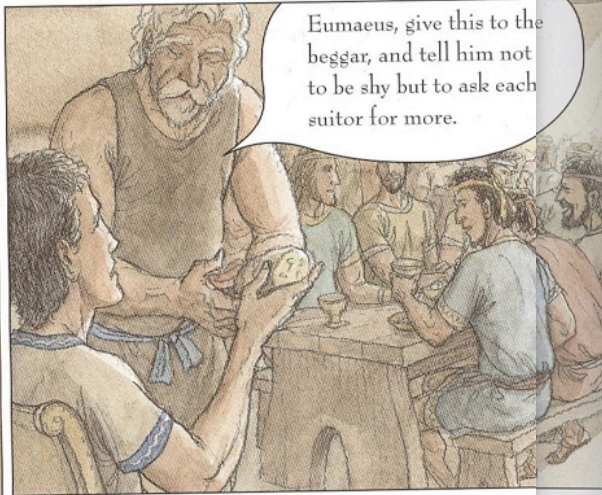
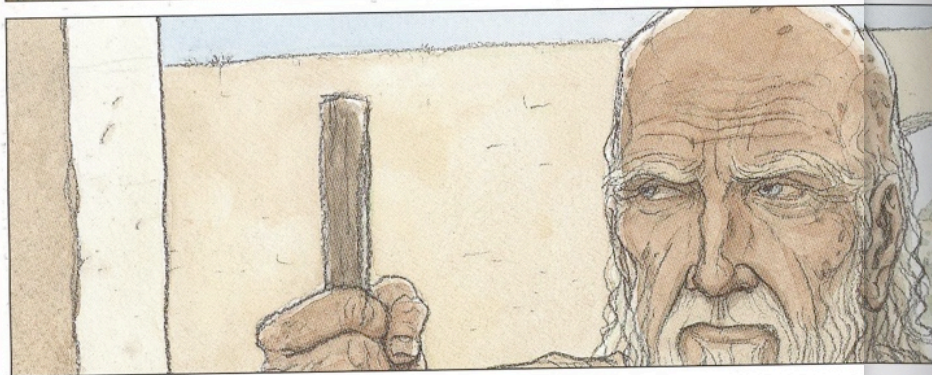
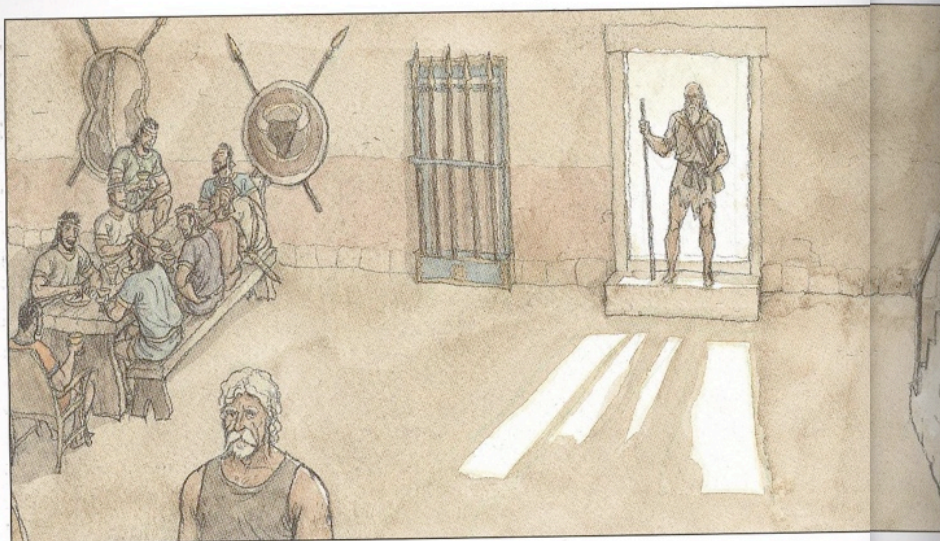
Argos is his name. Odysseus raised him from a pup, and he was not full-grown when his master left for Troy — yet he was the fastest and bravest in the hunt.



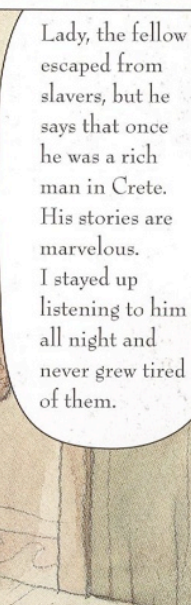
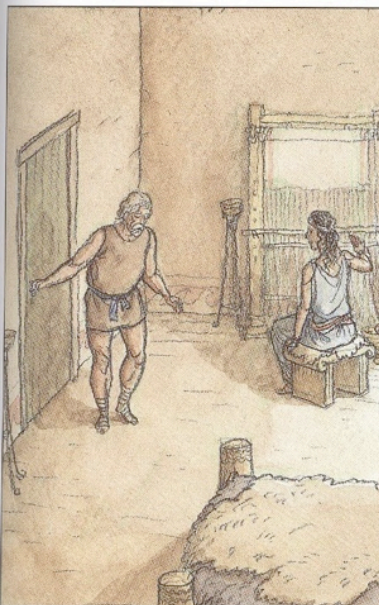
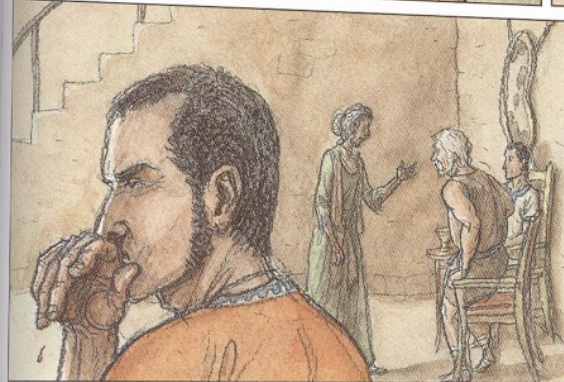
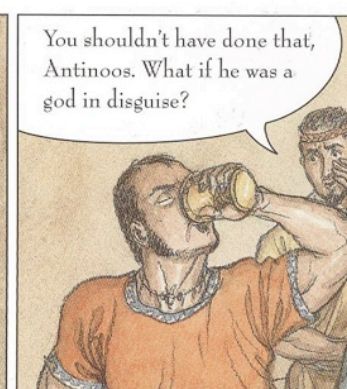
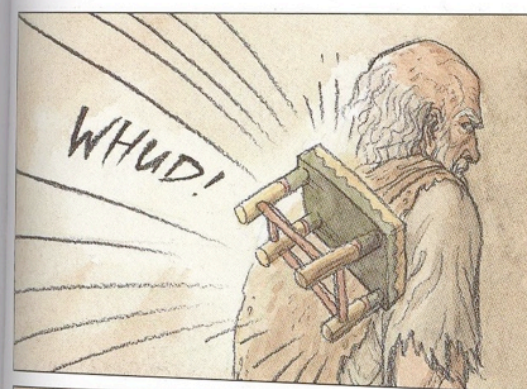
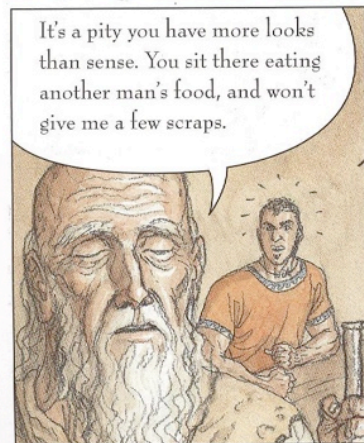
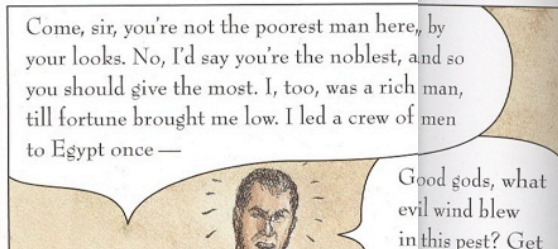
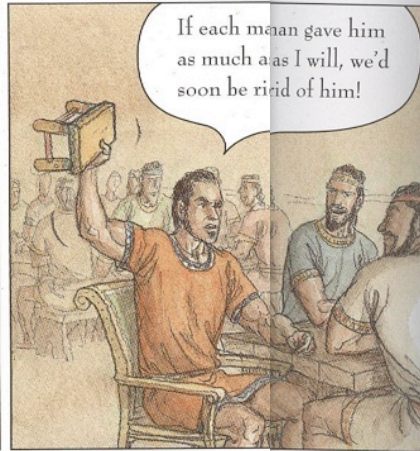
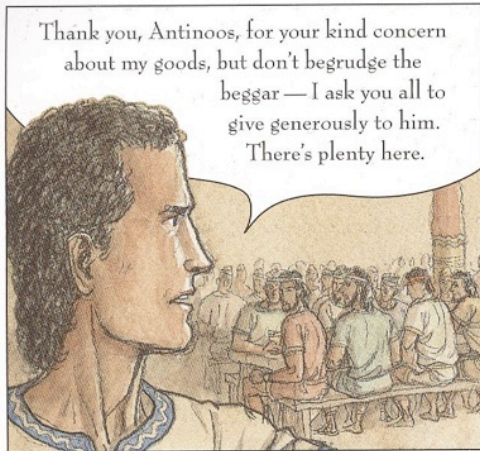
Old age and misery are his masters now. He's waited almost twenty years for Odysseus to return.



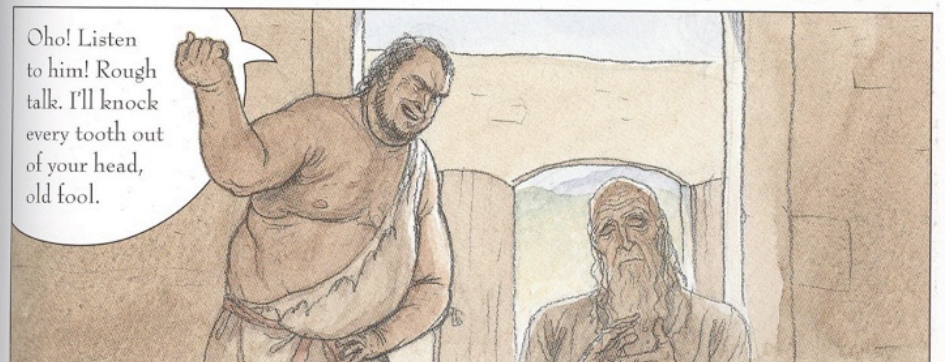
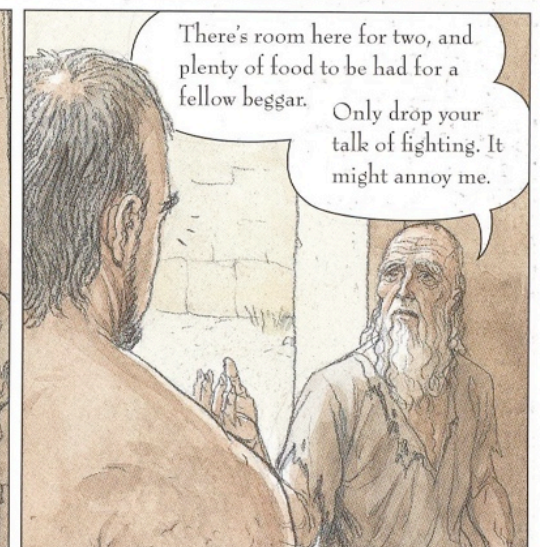
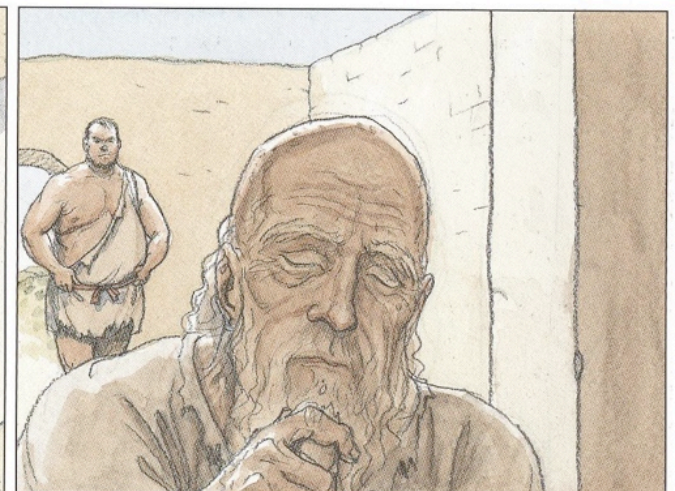
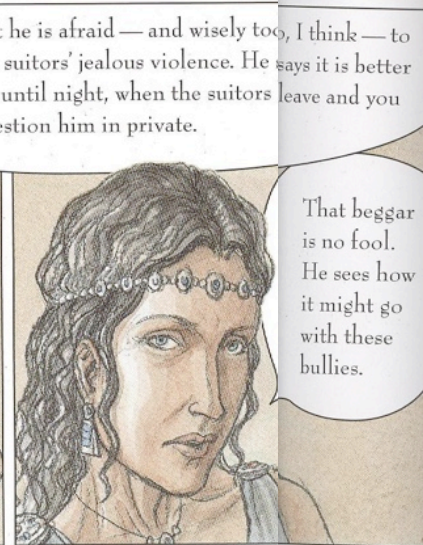
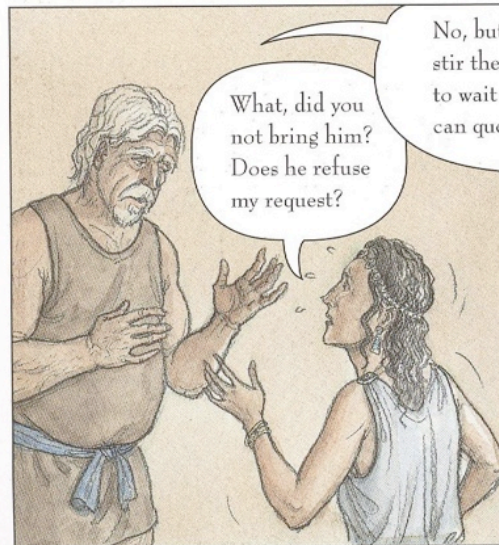
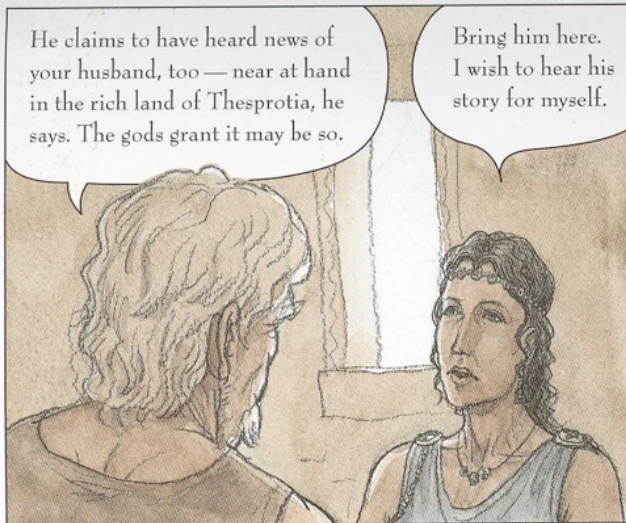






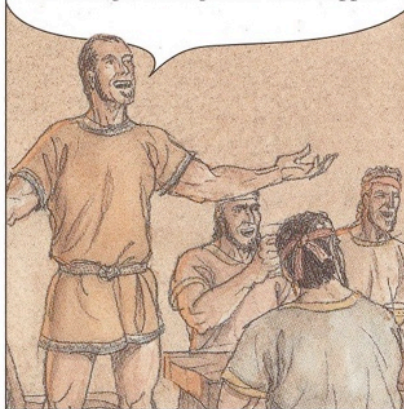








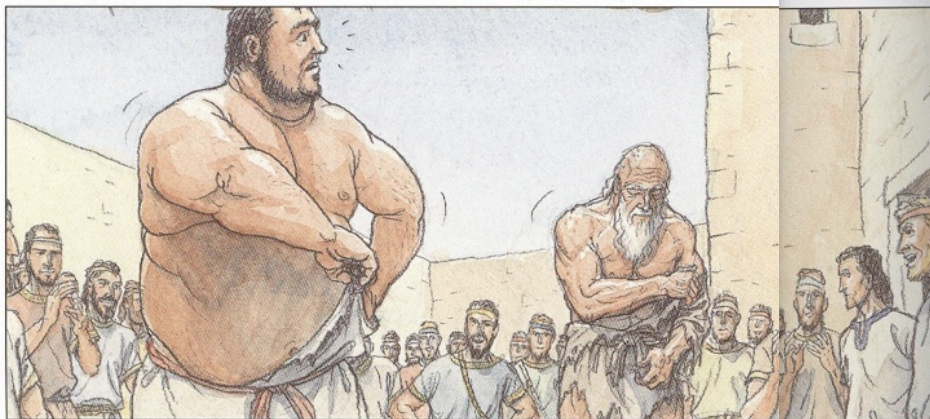
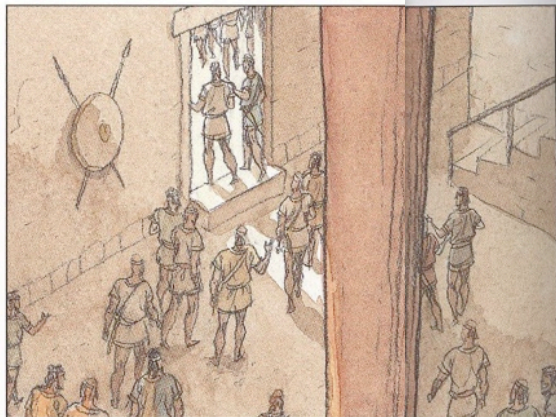
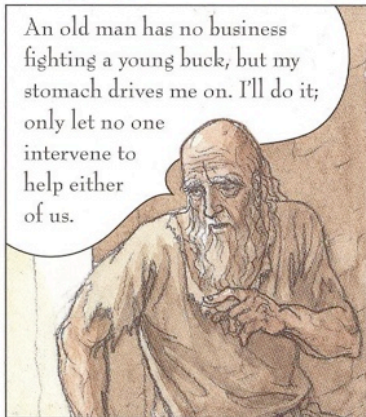
Friends, what have we here? The gods have sent us such an entertainment as we never could have hoped for: Irus and the stranger will fight for their supper!



Listen now, whoever wins this bout will have the choicest dinner meat: the goat's stomach stuffed with blood and fat, lying there on the fire. And the loser will never come begging round here again!



An old man has no business fighting a young buck, but my stomach drives me on. I'll do it; only let no one intervene to help either of us.



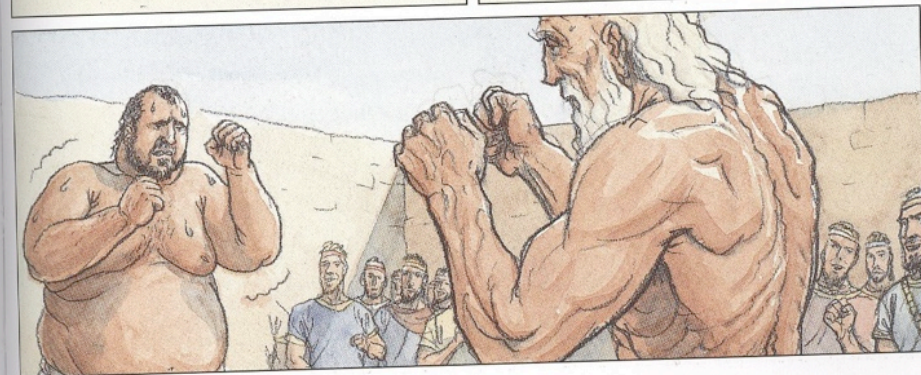
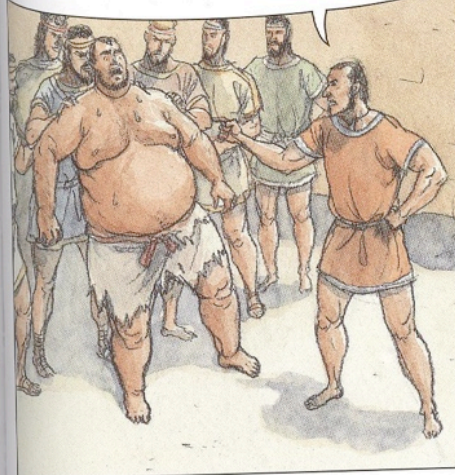
What a build!

The thighs this fellow had under his rags!

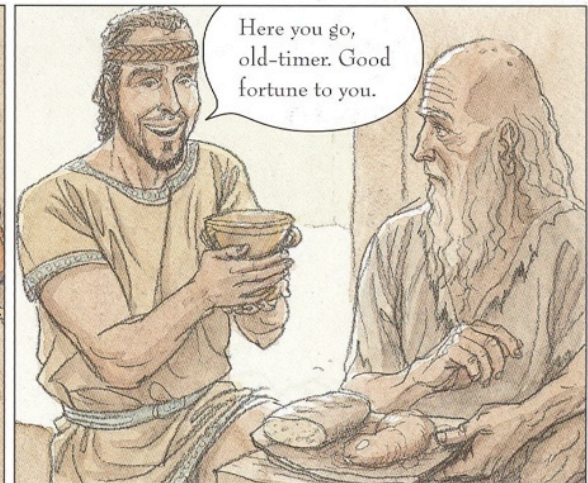
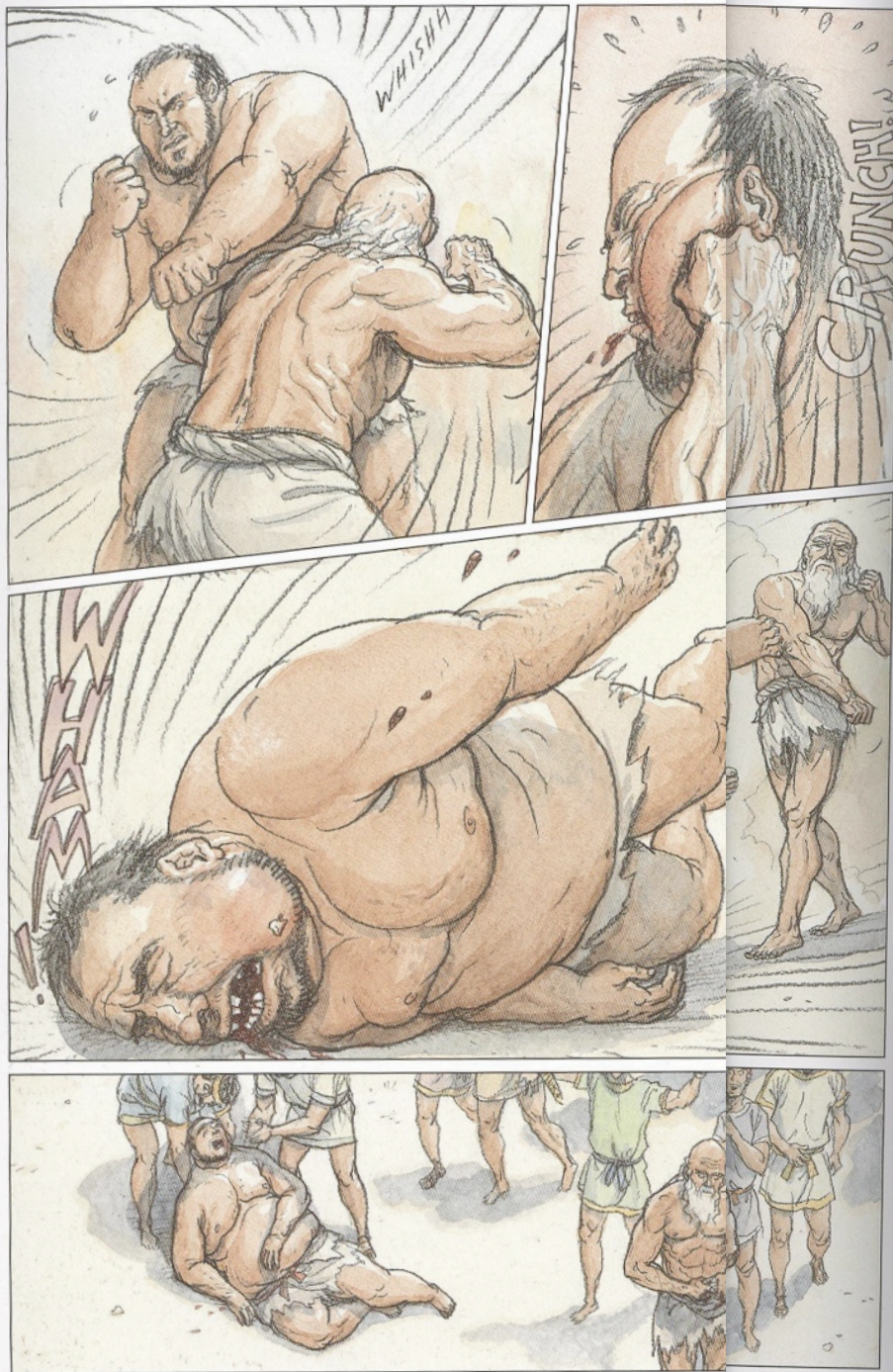
Irus asked for it, and now he'll get it.



You spineless sack of guts! Afraid of an old man? Listen to me: if you let him beat you, I'll ship you off to King Echitus in Epirus. I hear he likes to skin men alive, after he rips out their guts to feed to his hunting dogs.







You are Amphinomus, son of Nisus of Dulichion, are you not?

You seem like a sensible lad. Why not quit the company of these vultures? Mark my words: if you keep on like this, some catastrophe will befall you all.

